

is usually so called. It is not, on the one hand, the mere skeleton of the poem, the bare thought minus the emotion and the music; nor is it, on the other hand, the poem itself, deprived of its metrical character by the transposition of words. A good paraphrase still reflects the characteristics of poetry, its thought, its emotion, its music; but all these are lowered in intensity; the thought is expanded, the emotion subdued, the music less palpable. We have what is sometimes called a poem in prose, beautiful in proportion to the beauty of the verse it displaces, but differing from it in kind, and perhaps with hardly a word in common. If you ask what can be made of a paraphrase, look at the authorised version of our English Bible, and tell me what there is in modern verse that can compare for a moment with even our prose translations of Job or Isaiah!

And this brings me to one last point. Will you bear with me if I touch on it? I have spoken of poetry as the language of feeling, as in turn the expression and suggestion of varied human emotion. But I cannot forget that it has expressed other things than these; that it has embodied, not grief and fear and love alone, but the aspiration, the devotion, the self-consecration that make up religion. It is good that our children should be stirred, even dimly, by emotions such as these, and learn to love and to echo the melodies that enshrine them. But I fear that the poetry of our Bibles, the fine prose-poems of our English paraphrase, have fared little better at our hands than other poetry. Here, too, "we murder to dissect." We overlay them with comment and criticism and weary explanation, till the music and the passion die out of them, and nothing remains but barren prose—true, perhaps, for the intellect, but with no hold on the memory, no message to the heart. Would it not be well if—for the little ones, at least—we sometimes let Psalm, and Parable, and Song shine by their own light, and fulfil their own sweet office? The lessons thus taught are of the kind that strike home earliest and linger longest; they do what argument cannot do, and appeal to faculties more worth reaching than any that it can reach. For intuition is greater than reason, and love than knowledge.

DER BÜCHERBUND."

BY ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

II.

GERMAN LITERATURE OF THE EARLY CRUSADING PERIOD.

Legends and traditions are what we should expect to meet with most often during the early Crusading period—the time between 1150 and 1180, and it is these which indeed are prominent during that time. Under this heading come Wernher's *Maria*, the well-known *Annolied*, and the *Kaiserchronik*.

Wernher was a priest whose home was in that German land which has remained Romish to this day—Bavaria. Here, by lovely Tegernsee, may still be seen a Benedictine cloister aged a thousand years and more. Of it was Wernher. His theme in *Maria* is the praise of "daz reine Magadin," literally translated "ye clene mayde,"*—the Virgin Mother. The note is the same as that struck in the *Heliand*, and the poet, as there, treats his subject in a manner at once familiar and reverential. The Mother is holy over all women, as having borne Him who is most wonderful, who is little and big, who is simple and wise, who is *dewdrop and flower*. (What a quaint fancy is here!)

English readers will learn with surprise that this same Wernher gave to Germany one of her loveliest little stanzas; a stanza well known in its modern guise (there is scarce a German girl that has it not in her album), and which a good number of English folk believe to be—Heine's!

Du bist mîn, ich bin dîn,
des solt du gewis sîn;
du bist beslozen
in mînem herzen,
verlorn ist das slüzzelin,
du muost immer dar inne sîn.

The *Annolied*, or song of Anno, is so misnamed after Hanno,

* See contemporary English poetry.

a mighty Archbishop of Cologne. In the poem not only his life's story is told, but History from the Creation is described. Famous are the opening lines of the *Annolied*, in which the old singer, hinting, it is thought, at the favour in which stood the mundane "Heldenlied," says that we hear only too much singing of old things, how quickly (that is, boldly) heroes fought, breaking down strongholds, dear friend parting from friend, rich (that is, mighty) kings setting forth [to war]. Now it is time, he says, for us to take thought how we ourselves shall end.

Here is the passage in Hanno's time-old German:—

Wir hörten ie dicke singen von alten dingen, wie snelle helide vuhten,
wie sie veste burge brechen, wie sich liebe winisceste scheiden, wie rîche
künige al zegiengen. Nu ist zit daz wir denken wie wir selbe sullen
enden.

Many a fine and typical thought is contained in the *Annolied*. In one place the feudal singer bids us remember that "we in baptism became Christ's vassals, and should love our liege-lord." As for Hanno, the bishop, the poet overflows with his praise. "This was he who sate among princes as a lion, and among the poor went as a lamb . . . happy was the city of Cologne to be deemed worthy of such a bishop. When at night the folk were sleeping all, up would rise the much good man, and of his holiness would visit many a minster. Alms he took with him, and many poor he found, that had no shelter, and that waited for him. . . . Far-off men spake of him; from Greece and England kings sent gifts to him."

[This is a man whom England of to-day should not forget.]

The *Kaiserchronik*, or "Chronicle of Emperors," is a poem the subject matter of which is mostly derived from Latin works. It tells the story of the Roman and German emperors from the time of Cæsar to that of the Hohenstaufen, Konrad III. With the historical is mingled a most strange tissue of tradition. Motley was the only wear with olden chroniclers all Europe over. Here is the full title of the "Chronicle of Emperors,"—*Der kaiser und der künige buoch* (The Emperors' and the Kings' Book).*

Poems like these,—the *Maria*, *Annolied*, and *Kaiserchronik*, though they were favourites with the people, have not the

* The student should notice that the large use of capital initials in nineteenth century German has nothing analogous in olden German.

popular tone which is charming in such contemporary work as the rimed stories of *Reinhart der Fuchs** und *König Rother*.

King Rother is described as having his capital at Bari in Southern Italy. It will be remembered that in Crusading days, and prior to them, Teutons had made their home in many a fair Italian region. Apulia was again and again devastated by Norse warriors, and in the middle of the eleventh century had reigning over it a king with the Teutonic name of Rüdiger. Having resolved to marry no less a lady than the daughter of the Emperor Constantine, Rother went in disguise to Constantinople and carried away the Princess. Wrathful, as well he might be, the Emperor took steps to win back his child, and succeeded in doing so with the aid of a minstrel, but Rother, whose wife she was, returning at the head of an army, took her again. The story is German of the Germanest, full of old German names, Dietrich, Berchtold, and the like, of German tears and German laughter, of German warriors and German women, for "Frauen" and "manche schöne Maid" are—need it be said?—not absent.

Important among works belonging to this early Crusading period are some German versions of Oriental tales and traditions, among them *Herzog Ernst* and *Das Alexanderlied*. In *Herzog Ernst* are told the adventures of Duke Ernest and his faithful companion Wernher,† in the Holy Land. Enchanted castles, magnetic rocks, princesses in distress, cranes [no common cranes] and griffons, a people with huge flat feet, which in rainy weather they held up over their heads as umbrellas; another with long soft ears which they wrapt about them when cold;—these are a few of the things which Herzog Ernst saw. One must read Mandeville's Travels to find anything like it in English. They who have read and re-read "Sinbad the Sailor" will understand how the book of Duke Ernest was read and re-read in Germany.

The *Alexanderlied* or "Song of Alexander" is thought to have been the work of a priest called Lamprecht. Here again the mythical rather than the historical is dealt with, the bright

* I propose to deal with "Reinhart der Fuchs" later on in connection with Fable.

† A German poet, well known to English people, Uhland, has dramatised the story of Duke Ernest.

colouring is Oriental, and the reader, unlike the old poet, who tells his story with never a smile, often breaks into a laugh.

About this time the French tales of Roland found their way to Germany, and in 1175 or thereabouts the *Rolandslied* was the song of all. The death of Roland,* bravest of Charlemagne's brave paladins, at Roncevalles in the Pyrenees, at the hands of Saracens in a crushing majority, was a theme of which the old singers never grew weary. It underlies some of the earliest songs, both of Northern and Southern France, and these songs underlie the *Rolandslied*, which a German priest, Konrad, gave to his country. Time passed, and, in Italy, Roland supplied Ariosto with a theme for an epic; in England he supplied Greene with a theme for a play. The rude old German "Lied"—for it is rude, in spite of lines, nay, paragraphs, here and there, of exquisite beauty—is superior in spirit to both the Italian epic and the English play, which are alike marred by latter-day sentimentalism. Here is an outline of the German:—

Marsilies, a Saracen king, who has his realm in the South of Spain, sends messengers to Charlemagne, requesting of the Emperor to return to his capital of Aachen.† In the event of the Emperor's doing this, the Saracen offers to embrace Christianity. Charlemagne holds a council with his trusted friends, Roland, Oliver, brave Bishop Turpin, Genelon (the step-father of Roland), and others. All but Genelon advise him to mistrust the Saracen. Old wise Genelon entreats him to return to France, leaving Roland to guard Spain. This advice prevails, and Roland falls a victim to the Saracens, with whom his treacherous stepfather is in league.

In the following passages, translated almost literally, I have endeavoured to give some notion of the style of the "Lied," which is now and again very tender, if now and again very rude:—

Ten white mules did Marsilies let bring to Charlemagne and they who bore the message sate upon them, and bore palm-twigs in their hands. . . . In proud and happy state they found the Emperor, for he had broken the walls of Cordova there was no heathen in the town but he

* Hruodland is his name in old German song.

† Better known to English people by the French name of Aix la Chapelle.

was slain, or was become a Christian. The Emperor was in a wide garden, and about him were Roland and Oliver and [here follows a long list]. . . . on white carpets sate these knights, and some sate at a table, and there played; at chess there played the wisest and the old. . . . Near by a black-thorn, underneath a fir, there was a seat of pure gold made, and on it sate the ruler of fair France. White was his beard, and daisy-white* his head; noble his body was, and his face was kingly; *there needed none to point to him*.

[I pass on to Roland in his distress.]

All with blood running was Lord Roland's mouth; the veins upon his brow stood out; in his sore need he blew on Olifant.† . . .

The king let seize then Genelon, and gave him into keeping of his cooks, and called Besgun, who was of these the chief, and spake to him: "Have thou good heed to him, and do by him as villains are done by. He has been false to me and to my knights."

Besgun then gave him to his underlings; these were some hundred, good and bad. They tare the beard of him, and tare the hair upon his lip; each gave him four hard blows with fists; they hit at him with sticks and cudgels; they fettered him, as men do bears; they threw him, for more shame, upon a beast of burden. Right so they took good heed of him.

[How terrible is not all this! Upon the other hand, how true a picture of the times!]

Now Roland feels that he is near to death, his brains ooze through his ears, he prays to God for his brave comrades,‡ and for himself prays to the angel Gabriel. He took § his horn, that none might blame him, and with the other hand he took his sword. As far as one would shoot an arrow from his bow, he went toward Spain, and stood upon a fallow field, near to a tree upon a hill, where lay four blocks of marble on the ground. He fell brow forward down in the green grass, and there lay senseless, like to die. High are the hill-tops, and the

* I adapt from Chaucer; "like white blossom" is the cumbersome translation of the German.

† His magic horn.

‡ Those who have preceded him to death.

§ The tense is ever changing.

trees are high ; four rocks here stand, and shine as marble. Roland in the green grass lies senseless.

"Now will I * overcome King Charlemagne's nephew, and bear his sword to Araby."

He pulled, and Roland came to life. When Roland felt that one would rob the sword, he opened wide his eyes, and said, "Methinks thou art not any friend of mine." And Olifant, which never he let drop, he grasped then strongly and with it strake the helmet of that other, and clave through steel and head and bone ; and *there shot from the head both eyes.*†

Now Roland feels his sight is waning, and gathers all his strength and stands ; and there is no blood in his cheeks. Before him is a brown rock ; ten blows he strikes upon it, grimly, with grief. The steel groans, but no cleft is made in it. "Now," says Lord Roland, "Mary, help me thou ! Ah, good Durendal, it looks ill for thee. If I must come to die, I cannot shield thee. . . ."

Lord Roland once more strake upon the rock ('twas sardonyx) and the steel groaned, but no cleft was made in it. . .

"O, Durendal, how fair thou art and holy ! How many reliques in thy hilts are hid,—St. Peter's tooth, blood of St. Basilius, with hair of my Saint Denis, and of the robe of Mary part. It were not right that thou shouldst fall into an heathen's hand. . . How many a land have I not with thee won for Charlemagne, my king of the snowy beard ! . . ."

Then Roland feels that death is like to slay him ; his head he strake first, and now strikes his heart. Beneath the tree Lord Ronald hastens him, and stretches him upon the grass, and lays beneath him sword and Olifant, and turns to the heathen land his face. And this he does, because he wills that Charlemagne and all the Franks shall say :—

"Our noble count a conqueror died."

Then Roland feels his time is spent welnigh ; he sits, his

* The speaker is a Saracen, who has kept on the track of the hero, and who now steals forward to grasp his sword, that matchless sword, Durendal.

† These are the touches some regret. Are they not typical, while rude, and, being typical, are they not in their place ?

face toward Spain, on that high hill ; and with one hand he smote his breast . . . and up to God he lifted his right gauntlet, and from the heavens there came angels down.

Lord Roland lies beneath a fir tree with his face toward Spain, and memory comes to him, our hero, of the lands he won, and of fair France, and of his kinsfolk there, and of his liege-lord Charlemagne . . . And Roland needs must weep . . . And yet he thought of his soul's weal withal, and lifted up to God his gauntlet ; Saint Gabriel took it from his hand. Upon his arm his head was bowed . . . and God sent down his angel Cherubin [?] and sent Saint Michael, named *del peril*, and Saint Gabriel ; and these to heaven bore Lord Roland's soul.

The Emperor from Spain came back, and came to Aachen, fairest town of France, and at his palace-gates dismounted, and strode into the hall. Then came there to him Alda, that fair damsel, and to the King she said, "Where is Lord Roland, whom you swore to give to me to be my lord ?"

Then Charlemagne fell into pain and heavy grief, and wept and tore his snowy beard.

"Child, ask not for a man that is dead. See, I will give thee amply what I can, will give thee for him Ludwig ; more I cannot. This is my son and will have all my lands." But Alda said, "I am astonished, sir ; God never grant, God's angels never grant, that I should live when my lord Roland lives not." And, turned pale, she fell there at the feet of Charlemagne, and died for sorrow. Heaven rest her soul ! The Franks, the many heroes, wept aloud.

Ah, those old Franks, the strength of them, the weakness of them (to-day men call it weakness when men weep), the rudeness and the tenderness of them ! Such songs as these songs well might inspire Crusaders.

Paper to be Answered by Students of the Foregoing :—

(Only Three of the questions are to be attempted.)

1. Turn into modern German the song beginning "Du bist mîn."

2. Give an English metrical translation of the song beginning "Du bist mîn."

3. Turn into modern German the passage quoted from the "Annoled."
4. Make an interlinear, word for word, English translation of the passage quoted from the "Annoled."
5. Write in German an account (maximum number of pages, 4; minimum, 2) of the Crusades.

Books of Interest

in connection with Germany of the Early Crusading Period:—

"Juniperus" (short tale), by Victor von Scheffel.

"Ekkehard," "

These are both works of fiction of the highest order. They can be procured of Kolckmann, Langham Place, London, W.

Of "Ekkehard" there is a first-rate English translation by Miss Sofie Delffs in Tauchnitz' Collection of German Authors, for sale in England.*

* *Der Bücherbund* and the Fésole Clubs (page 133).—Members may join these classes at any time.

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NERVE-STORMS.

BY JOHN MASON, M.D.

Of all the ills that flesh is heir to none is so sad and painful as mental disease. Many people will, I fancy, be inclined to doubt this, but no one who has had experience of "depression," either subjectively or objectively, will admit that any suffering can be compared to it. To discuss the severe forms of mental derangement is, however, neither possible nor fitting in the *Parents' Review*, but something, I think, may be done towards parental enlightenment on the milder forms of mental distress and "temper," which embitter life in so many households.

If asked to name the most nervous creatures under the sun, different answers would occur to different people. The sportsman would name the horse, men in general would say women, and the schoolmistress would unhesitatingly reply girls. But none would be quite right; children are nervous in a much greater degree than any of these—nervous, that is, in the sense of excitability and impressionableness. It is true that their impressions and excitement are transitory, and that equilibrium is more easily regained than in after life, but for the moment there is greater mental disturbance, as well as more feeling displayed, when the little brain is touched by joy or grief, than in older people. How greatly out of proportion to the cause is no matter, the storm of passionate delight or anger is there, and does, or should, call for as much sympathy as corresponding states in ourselves. While this exuberance is a natural and, in moderation, a healthy condition, it is liable to pass beyond these bounds and become a source of trouble and danger.

Now it is this over-sensitiveness, or want of balance in the nervous centres, that constitutes the chief difficulty in dealing with disease in children. Besides some nervous disorders which are confined to childhood, and those various "habits" of twitching or sniffing or blinking the eyes, which are so common